

A 7. 5. 159
Duke and no Duke.

FARCE.

As it is Acted by Their
Majesties Servants.

Written by N. Tate.

W I T H

The severall S O N G S set to Musick,
With thorow Basses for the *Theorbo*,
or *Basse Viol*,

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Bonwicke, at the Red-
Lyon in St. Pauls Church-Yard.

1685.

A

Duke and no Duke.

ST. GEORGE CHURCH.

As it is Acted by Their

Majesties Servants.

Written by W. T. A. A. A.

WITH

The several SONGS set to Music.

With thow Basses for the Tenors,

or Bass Viol

L O N D O N.

Printed for Henry Bonwicke, at the
Sign in St. Pauls Church-Yard

1685.

TO THE HONOURABLE

Sr. George Hewyt,

B A R O N E T.

SIR,

I T has been my good fortune to be so far oblig'd to you, as will render this publick Acknowledgment a just Debt. Tho' I confess a small Pretence will serve an Authors Turn where he bears a Particular and Personal Respect. To whom can Poets with more natural Duty address Themselves, than to those Persons of Worth and Honour, by whose Virtues they form their Nobtest Characters. The Heroe's of Antiquity are less apt to enflame our Thoughts: They are lessen'd by their Distance from Us, tho' succeeding Times never fail to represent them

The Epistle

above their true Proportion. No Age but
pass'd without some such Illustrious Examples,
and how far Ours can boast in this Particu-
lar, is not for me to Determine. If the
Ancient Honour of the British Genius, may
not be charg'd with Degeneracy, we must pendu-
late its Reputation by the Eminency, and not
the Number, of Worthies that yet support it.
And Sir, in this Honourable List, Envy it self
will allow your Name no inferior Place. An
easie and charming Conversation, such as can
give Ornament to a Court, is no small addition
to Quality; but where it has been accompanied
with an early and solid Judgment, it must still
command greater Esteem. Military Qualifica-
tions (answerable to the Noble Employment of
securing the Royal Life) are no small Accomplish-
ments, but are yet more Illustrious, where they
do not exclude acquaintance with Books, and Love
of more retired knowledge. It has always been the
Perfection of great Spirits to adorn a Realm
in Peace, and to protect it in War: To be no
less

Dedicatory.

less Active for the Dignity of their Country,
than for its Defence. Thus Sir, the British
Seas have seen you voluntarily engaging for the
Nations Honour. Since when, we have sustain'd
more rough Debates at home; through all which
(Sir) your signal and continued Loyalty has
justly fix'd you in the Favour of our Monarch,
and of His most Princely Brother. If in yet
more private Capacity and Relation to Inferi-
ours, Condescension, Generosity, and ex-
actest Justice in Affairs, can Constitute a Cha-
racter of Honour, the World will not forgive me
so brief a mention of them here. I confine my self
within the general Voice, that (Sir) proclaims
You one of those Few whom our Country must thank
for making the Old English Virtue yet Vi-
sible. Sir, I pretend not to a Panegyrick,
though I trouble you with a Dedication. By
the Present that I offer, I may be thought a
stranger to your skill in the Muses Affairs
(when you condescend to judge them) especially

The Epistle, &c.

in the Drama. I shall only say, That as I am well acquainted with your Judgment, I have likewise experienced the Goodness and Indulgence of your Temper, to which I refer myself for Pardon, and rest.

P R E F A C E.

ALl other Species of Dramatique Poetry, have their due Respect amongst us; but I know not by what Fate *Farce* is look'd upon to be so mean and inconsiderable. If it were to be judg'd by the Difficulty of the work, we should soon change our Notion. I know it is generally suppos'd an easie Task, but it is such an easiness as is well describ'd by *Horace*,

——— *Ut sibi Quivis*
Speret Idem, sudet multum, frustra; laboret,
Ausus Idem ———

Or, as the Words are rendred with advantage by his Incomparable Translator, *

* *Earl of Roscom-mon.*

That ev'ry One will think to write the same,
~~*And not without much Pains be undeceiv'd.*~~

The Reason I presume to be this, (and I am certain the Undertaker will find it true) that Tragedy, Comedy, and Pastoral it self, subsist upon Nature : So that whosoever has a Genius to Copy Her, is assur'd of success, and all the World affords him Subject : Where as the Business of *Farce* is to exceed Nature and Probability. But then there are so few Improbabilities that will appear Pleasant, and so much nicety requir'd in the management, that the Performance will be

a

found

P R E F A C E.

found extremely Difficult. I cannot seem guilty of Vanity in this Assertion, since I had my Foundation in this Essay, laid to my Hands. I took all the Liberty of Addition and new Modelling the Adventures, which I thought necessary for our Stage: And did not find my self mistaken in reducing them nearer to Nature and Probability, than they were in the Original. I must needs own the good Performance of it upon the Stage, and impute it much to that, that it had the good Fortune to divert His Majesty.

By *W. D. Ryson Cockaine in his Trapoline*
supposed a Prince.

PRO.

PROLOGUE

Written by a Friend of the Authors.

Gallant,

V Ho would have thought to have seen so many here,
At such a Rambling season of the Year.

And, what's more strange, All well and Sound, to the Eyes.

Pray Gentlemen forgive me if I lie.

It might this Season to have turn'd Physician.

But now I see small hopes in that condition.

Yet how if I should hire a Black Flower'd Jump,

And ply at Islington, Doctor to Sadlers Pump?

But first let me consult old Erra Pater,

And see what he advises in the Matter.

Let's see—

Venus and Mars, I find in Afies are,

In the Ninth House—a dally Bobbing Year.

The Price of Mutton, will run high 'tis thought,

And Vizard Masks will fall to ten a Great.

The Moon's in Scorpio's House or Capricorns,

Friends of the City govern well your Horns:

Your Wives will have a mighty Trade this Quarter,

I find they'l never leave their Natural Charter.

For once take my Advice as a true Friend,

When they a Walk to the new Wells pretend,

If you'l avoid your Fate quick hasten after,

They use more ways to Cool, than Drinking Water.

The

PROLOGUE

The Persons.

<i>Levinio,</i>	<i>The Great Duke of Tuscany.</i>	<i>Mr. Wiltshire.</i>
<i>Brunetto, alias Horatio,</i>	<i>Prince of Savoy.</i>	<i>Mr. Carlin.</i>
<i>Barberino.</i>	<i>Lords, Councillors to Levinio,</i>	<i>Mr. Gills.</i>
<i>Alberto.</i>		<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Trappolin.</i>	<i>A Parasite, Pimp, Fidler, and Buffoon, transformed by Magick, and Usurper to Levinio.</i>	<i>Mr. Lee.</i>
<i>Mago.</i>	<i>A Conjuror.</i>	<i>Mr. Percivall.</i>
<i>Captain</i>	<i>of the Guards.</i>	<i>Mr. Sanders.</i>
<i>Isabella.</i>	<i>The Dutches.</i>	<i>Mrs. Carrer.</i>
<i>Prudentia.</i>	<i>Sister to Levinio.</i>	<i>Mrs. Percivall.</i>
<i>Flametta.</i>	<i>Trappolins Sweet-heart.</i>	<i>Mrs. Timford.</i>
<i>women.</i>	<i>Puritan.</i>	<i>Embassadors.</i>
	<i>Servants and Attendants.</i>	

The SCENE FLORENCE.

A Duke and no Duke.

A C T I.

Trappolin and Flametta.

Trap. **F**OR ever thine *Flametta*.
Fla. Thanks my Dear,
 But am not I a fond Fool to believe you,
 When you have been from me these two long
 dayes?

*I'm sensible I love you but too well,
 For truly Dear you are a naughty man.*

Trap. Pretty Rogue! how she fires my heart! now could I cry
 like any roasted Lobster. — What would old Lord *Barberino*
 give for one such kind word from her. — But young and poor as
 she is, she is yet most Constant and Virtuous. — Nor that I care
 much for Virtue neither. — Alas my Dear, I have been much
 oppress'd with Business since I saw thee. My Honour was at stake
 for procuring Convenients for no less than five Ministers of
 State. It's been dead trading of late, but 'tis a comfort to see
 times mend, now we are upon our Matrimony.

Fla. Let me Conjure you leave these vicious courses,
 You must indeed, or we must never marry;
 But you will be my Convert and reform.

Trap. All in good time Love; it becomes me to see my Bet-
 ters go before me, when I do mend I shall certainly do it to pur-
 pose,

pose, I am so long about it.—In the mean time I give thee leave to be honest, and I think that's fair.—

Enter Barberino and Officers.

Whose here my Rival Lord?

Barb. Here is the Villain with his handsome Wench,
And what (afflicts me more) an honest One;
I have these many weeks attempted her,
But neither Threats nor Presents can prevail,
She must be virtuous, or her poverty
Could ne'r withstand the Offers I have made;
Yet were she virtuous she would ne'r allow
This wicked Pandar so familiar with her;
This Fidling Parasite, Buffoon, and Beggar:
But on pretence of his enormities,
I have procur'd this Order from the Duke
For his immediate banishment from Florence.
Most certainly, he bears some Spell about him,
And when he's once remov'd, I shall succeed.

Trap. Again my Dear—My good Lord Barberino, your Honours humble Servant.—For this free Promise, Love, I ne'er enough can thank Thee—Your Lordships to Command—No Fortune shall divide or change our Wills.—Your Honours humble Slave—What's Wealth or Power where Hearts consent like ours?—Your Lordships Vassal—When thou dost sigh, thy *Trappolino* shall weep.—Your Honour alwayes shall Command Me—And when thou sings'st—

Ela. We are observ'd.

Learn to be honest, and I am Thine for ever.

[*Exit.*

Trap. I beg your Lordships pardon. Your Lordship saw how I was employ'd. The poor wretch has taken a Fancy to me, and your Lordship knows I am a Person of liberal Education: That I bear not a Breast of Flint, nor was Nurs'd with the Milk of *Hircanian Bulls*. Now if your Lordship has any thing to Command me, here I stand ready, *I fido Trappolino*, your Honours humble Servant in all things possible and impossible.

Barb.

Barb. You are a sawcy peremptory Villain,
And have too long escap'd the stroak of Justice.

Off. Nor is there such a Coward in all *Tuscany*,
He's able to corrupt an Army.

Trap. Fear not that *Seignior Capitano*, for I never mean to
come into One.

Barb. So lewd a Pandar ne'er infected City,
What Wife or Daughter of the Noblest Blood
Is safe, where such a Hellish Factor breaths.

Trap. And can your Lordship on your Honour tax me
For want of Diligence in my Vocation?

Barb. Industrious hast thou been in Villany,
But *Florence* must no longer be the Scene;
This is your Warrant, Captain, from the Duke,
To drive this Miscreant from our City Gates.
And when he's seen again in *Tuscany*,
That Minute forfeits his abandon'd life.
Thus has our Duke decreed.

Trap. At whose request?

Barb. On mine.

Trap. I am glad to find your Honour has so much Interest in
His Highness, and therefore make choice of your Honour as the
most proper Person to solicit my Repeal.

Barb. Audacious Slave.

Trap. His Highness knows travelling is chargeable, and be-
sides my Stomach is of no ordinary Dimensions.

Barb. Away with him, if he dispute your Orders
Call for the Parish Whips to your Assistance.

Trap. *Seignior Officer* you may take his Lordships word when
he says a Thing. You hear his Lordship hath private business
with me, and desires your absence — For certain then His
Highness is upon Treaty of Marriage with the *Millanese*; your
Lordship and I, were alwayes of opinion it would come to that.

Barb. Such harden'd Impudence was never seen.
Take him away.

Trap. My Lord, my Lord — Such a Primrose in a Corner
for your Lordship, never blown upon my Lord; —

Barb. Force him along.

Trap. *Flametta* my Lord, what says your Lordship to *Flametta*? There's Eyes and Bubbles! Shall I bring her to your Lordship—Nay my Lord, my Lord. *(They bear him off.)*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Duke Lavinio, Alberto, Guards, and Attendants.

Lav. I'm stung with Adders and shall go distracted;
Let me have breathing room.

Alb. Your Highness knows
I ever have been watchful for your Honour,
And next to that, I would preserve your quiet.

Lav. Choice Method, first blow poyson in my Ears,
And after preach patience to me.

Alb. I fear my Duty has been too officious;
Dread Sir, reflect where was the mighty harm
In holding talk with him by open day?
I hope this fanning will incense the flame.

[Aside.]

Lav. What harm? the very Bawd to their desires
Could never have Forehead to dispute the harm:
A Virgin and a Princess seen to walk
And hold discourse apart with one of Race
Obscure, at least unknown, and no harm in't?
'Twere lewd, though they had only pray'd together:
Bring the audacious Traytor to Our Presence.

(Brunetto brought in here.)

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Dread Sir, and twice my Noble Conquerour, *[Kneeling.]*
First in the Field, in which your Self alone
Could stop my Conquest with resistless Might,
And since in Generous Princely-favours.

Lav. Rise.
I am not us'd to hearken after Praise,
Or Thanks for Benefits by me conferr'd,
For hitherto they always fell on Merit,

Which

Which can at best be call'd but paying Debts:
Only in this Acknowledgment, I hear
Ingratitude from it's own mouth condemn'd:
This Lord, the watchful *Argus* of my Honour,
Has charg'd you with a Crime will stain the Worth
You shew'd in Battel, and make Valour blush.

Alb. I but inform'd your Highness what I saw.

Bru. He's prejudic'd, I kill'd his Son in fight
In Service of my Prince, as he of you.

Lau. I have a Sister, dear to me as Fame,
Our Royal Father's only Care and Comfort,
'My Dukedome (said he dying) I bequeath thee,
'A slender Present and thy Due by Birth;
'But with it all the Glory of our Race,
'The spotless Honour of the *Medices*,
'Preserve the Princely Blood from base-born taint,
'But most secure it in the weaker part,
'And match *Prudentia* with her Peer in Birth;
'So shall I with my Ancestors have rest.
Now Sir, how far you have infring'd these Orders,
And brought a guilt unknown upon my head,
I leave your self to judge: Confess your Crime,
And Torture shall revenge it; smother it;
And Tortures shall extort it.

Bru. My charmed Soul
Came panting to my Lips to meet your Charge,
And beg forgiveness for its high presumption.
But since you talk of Tortures, I disdain
The servile threats, and dare your utmost Rage;
I love the Princess, and have urg'd my passion,
Tho' I confess all hopeless of return.
This with a Souldiers freedom I avouch,
Who scorns to lodge that Thought he dares not own:
Now Sir, Inflict what punishment you please.
But let me warn you, that your vengeance reach
My head, or neither of us can have rest.

Lau.

Lav. Chains, Straw and Darknes! this is meet distraction
To Prison with him; you that waited on him, *(They lead off)*
Be now his Guard: Thin Diet and no Light;
Such usage may restore him — Vengeance thus
Converts to Charity.

Enter Prudentia.

Prudentia,

Your entrance has prevented me a Visit
To your Apartment, and half sav'd a Chiding;
Yet I must tell you, you have been too blame;
But Sister learn reserv'dness for the future
Such as becomes your Quality, and hold
That place which Nature and unspotted Virtue
Has hitherto secur'd you in my heart.

Pru. Most gracious Sir, If e're my secret Soul
Admits one thought that is not first submitted
For Approbation to your Royal Will,
The Curse of Disobedience fall upon me;
As I in you have found a Fathers Love,
I shall repay't with more than Filial Duty.

Lav. Virtue and Honour ever guide thy way;
Thou'rt solitary, but shal't quickly enjoy
A sweet Companion in our Royal Bride.
Sforza the Duke of *Millain*, our old Friend,
Who always in our Wars hath sent us aid,
Here offers me the beauteous *Isabella*
His Daughter for my Wife, and instantly
We will to *Millain* on the Expedition,
That Treatment once determin'd, wee'l return
To *Florence*, where wee'l celebrate our Nuptials
With that Magnificence becomes our State.

Pru. Go and be happy Sir in your fair Choice.

Barb. That Blessing's only wanting to our State.

Lav. Lord *Barberino* and *Alberto*, you
Whom I have always found most faithful to me,
To you I do commit the Government

A Duke and no Duke.

7

Of *Tuscany* till my return; your Power
I leave unlimited, keep open Ear
To just Complaints: Allow and Act no wrong;
Look closely to our Prisoner *Branetta*.

Alb. So may your wish't Return be safe and speedy.

Lav. Sister, your tears afflict us; a few Weeks
Shall grace our Court with the fair *Millanese*.
Lead on, 'tis time we were upon our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE A Desert.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **T**His banisht life is very doleful!—What an inhu-
mane Duke was this to banish me, that never banisht
him? At every step I take, my poor *Flanetta* comes into my
mind: She met me at the Towns end, and would fain have
come along with me, but that I told her she was not banisht,
and might not.—Methinks this is a very melancholy place!
I have not met a living Body yet, but they had wings or four
legs. Let me bethink me where to betake my self, I would to
Rome, and turn Friar, but that I have too much Learning. A
man of my Occupation might once have finger'd the *Pelux*
Ryals in *Venice*, but now the Gentry go a more compendious
way to work, and Pimp for one another, I quite spoils all
trading.

[*Soft Music in the Air.*]

What sound is this? Sure this place must needs be haunted:
This with a good Dianer were something, but as it is, it feels
as if they were playing upon my small Guts.

[*Storm and Thunder.*]

So now, my airy Fiddlers are fallen out amongst themselves; I

lik'd

lik'd their first strein somewhat better. I would his Highness would come and banish me from this place too.

[*Storm again, Mago the Conjuror rises.*]

What's here? a decrepit old man? Now and I were sure he was of mortal Race. I would let upon him in the name of Famine—But if he should blow Brimstone in my Face there were a hopeful beginner baulk.

Mag. Son, Thou art Banish'd—I know all the matter.

Trap. 'Tis true old Friend, I am banish'd—But how the Devil came you to know it?

Mag. Why, the Devil told me.

Trap. The Devil he did?—Why 'twas e'en his own doing, and so he could give you the best account of it.

Mag. Be not dismay'd, Preferment waits upon thee, I am so far from hurrying thee,

That from poor *Trappolin*, I'll make thee a Prince.

Trap. Look you there again, he knows my Name too.—For certain, this must be the Devils kinsman—A Prince! poor *Trappolin* thanks you Father Conjuror, but has no mind to domineer in Hell: I know where your Territories lye.

Mag. Beforted Wretch, Thou dost not understand me; I tell thee Son, thou shalt return to *Florence*—

Trap. And be hang'd there for my labour.

Mag. Be honour'd there, exalted o're thy Fellows.

Trap. On a Gibbet.

Mag. There shalt thou shine in wealth, and roul in plenty,

The Treasures of the East shall Court thy wearing;

The haughty Nobles shall seem Pigmies to thee;

All Nature shall be ransack'd for thy Board,

And Art be tir'd to find thee choice of Banquets;

Each day and hour shall yield new Scenes of pleasure,

And crowding Beauties sue for thy Embraces.

Trap. Sure I have pimp'd for this old Fellow formerly, he's so kind—Well, as you say, Father Conjuror (on some private Considerations that I have) this may not do amiss: But how shall it be done?

Mag. By *Es*, *Meo*, and *Areo*.

Trap. What they mean, I know not, but I am satisf'd 'tis by going to the Devil for it, and so much for that matter.

Mag. Here, Seat thee in this Chair.

Trap. To be hav'd Father Conjur'd by one of your black Valors? I shall rather under their hands without a Bail.

Mag. Sir Will, and see the wonders of my Art;

Eu, Meo, and Aro, rise.

Trap. What will become of this temporal Body of mine?— I am gl'd to my Seat here. — But hear you good Father, must this Retinue of yours needs appear?

Mag. Of indispenfible necessity.

Trap. Then good Father let them appear invisibly, I have no great inclination to their Company: For to tell you the truth, I like yours none of the best, you are like the Devil enough to serve my turn.

Mag. Now by the most prevailing Spell
That e're amaz'd the Powers of Hell;
That mid-night Witches ever try'd,
While Cynthia did her Crescent hide;
While watchful Dogs to bark forbore,
The Wolf to howl, the Sea to roar;
While Robin do's his midnight Chare,
And Plowmen sweat beneath the Mare;
By all the terrors of my Skill,
Ascend, ascend, and execute my Will.

[Lightning and Thunder, Spirits rise, and sink down with

Trappolin.

Now proud Lavinio, little dost thou know

This secret practise of my just Revenge.

[After a Dance the Spirits rise again, with
Trappolin dressed exactly like the Duke Lavinio.

Trap. Oh Father what metal do you take me to be made of? I am not us'd to travel under ground: Oh for a Dram of the Bottle of a Quart or two! Call you this preferment? Marry he deserves it that goes to the Devil for't, but I see no preferment neither.

Mag. Thou dost not know thy self, look in that Mirrour.

[Shews him a Looking-glass.]

Trap. Whose there, the Duke?—Your Highness is well return'd: Your faithful Servant Trappolin begs of your Grace to call him home, and hang up this old Wizard, he'll Conjure
C
your

your Grace out of your wits else, and your Subjects out of your Dominions. — What's he gone again? He's for his frique under ground too. I have made way for him, I have work'd like any Mole, and made holes you may thrust Churches through.

Mag. 'Tis thou thy self that represents the Duke. What in that Glass thou saw'st is but thy Picture.

Trap. If that be my Picture I am the Picture of the Duke.

Mag. And shalt be taken for the Duke himself.

Trap. The Dress is just like him, and for ought I know 'tis Dress that makes a Duke. — Let me see what must I say now? my Highness is your Highness's humble Servant. — This Gentleman is a rare Fellow.

Mag. As thou didst here seem to thy self. So shalt thou to the world appear, the perfect Duke. To Florence then, and take thy State upon thee.

Trap. Trust me for Duking of it. I long to be at it. I know not why every man should not be Duke in his turn. — Father Conjurer, time is precious with us great Persons. However I should be glad to see you at Court. It may be the better for you, for as I take it, we shall have some change of Ministers. And so Farewel.

Mag. Stay Son, Take this enchanted powder with thee. Preferve it carefully, for at thy greatest need 'Twill give thee aid: When any Foo assaults, Cast but this Magick Powder in his face, And thou shalt see most wonderful effects.

Trap. Good, Now I'm satisf'd I am the Duke Which some shall rue: Good Father, Fare you well.

Ex. Mag. and Aero. — Palsy *Exit Conj. disguised.*

SCENE

SCENE The Palace.

Barberino and Flametta.

Flam. I Do beseech your Honour to repeal
My only joy, my banisht ~~Princess~~ *Princess*.
Take pity on a helpless Virgins tears
Abandon'd to Distress. — You must — You will —
For as our Soy reign left his Power with you
He left his Mercies too.

Barb. Her tears inflame me:
And were this Dukedom which I hold in trust
My due by Birth, I'd give it in exchange
For this sweet Innocence, this Artless Beauty.
Indeed (my pretty One) you wrong your Charms;
Nay I must say, you wrong your Virtue too
By this concern, for an abandon'd Slave,
Devoted to all Crimes, forget and scorn him.

Fla. I gave my heart before I knew his Vices.
But it will be my triumph to reclaim him.
I do beseech your Honour to call him home.

Barb. And what Return may I expect for this?

Fla. Goodness has always been it's own reward;
But to convince you, that your Courtesie
Shall not be wholly thrown away upon me,
By Day or Night you shall command —

Barb. What?

Fla. My Prayers.

Barb. A very hopeful Recompence;
What Statesman ever yet took Prayers for pay?
Deluded Maid, thou dost not know thy worth,
This Beauty must not be a Beggars Prize,
Design'd by Nature for a Nobler Sphere.
What can this Minion whose repeal you seek

Perform for thee? What can a Peasant do
To deck thy Youth, or to enrich thy Age?
Come be advis'd, here's Gold and Jewels for thee,
The Pride, the Pomp of Nature shall be thine:
Make all your study how to please your self,
Fortune shall wait to see your wish perform'd.

Fla. Are you our Prince, my Lord?

Barb. What means that Question?

Fla. If you were,
The Prince should be deny'd.

Barb. Then much more I.

Why do I trifle thus? I am no Prince,
Yet will not be deny'd; — Who waits without?

Fla. Heaven shield me! You intend no Violence.

Barb. What I intend is Love; if you refuse,
You make the Rape, that's all: Who waits I say?

Enter Servant.

Fla. Help Heaven!

Serv. My Lord, my Lord most unexpected News!

Barb. Come near

And bear this peevish Girl to my Apartment,

Shee'l thank me for the Force.

Serv. The Duke, my Lord, his Highness.

Barb. Take her Slave.

Serv. His Highness is return'd from Milan.

Barb. Ha!

The Duke return'd from Milan? Thou art mad.

Serv. Just now arriv'd my Lord, and coming hither.

Barb. Here!

Dispose of her as I commanded thee,

Till I find out the meaning of this Dream.

Ha! that's his voice — And here he comes in Person.

Let her go Slave. — Away dear Maid, away.

Enter

*Enter Trappolin with his Spirits invisible.
Alberto from the other side.*

Barb. Great Sir,
Upon our knees we welcome your Return,

Trap. And upon our Legs we take it:—Hem! hem!

[He starts about.]

Alb. Your Highness comes unlook't for, we did not expect
This happy time so soon by fourteen days.

Barb. So please your Grace, where is our Dutchess?

Trap. Your Dutchess will not come till the Gods know
when; for my part I know nothing of the matter. I left my
Train behind me and came unlookt for, to see how you go-
vern'd in my absence, which I fear you have done scurvily
enough.

Alb. How will he talk!

Trap. *Eo, Meo, and Arco*, well stuck to me I'faith—Well
Lords, you never pity my Misfortunes; I have been robb'd in my
journey, had my Horse taken from me, and if it had not been
for Father Conjurer.

Barb. How Sir?

Trap. I say, if I had not been a Conjurer, I had ne'er got home
in my Royal skin;—Well stuck there again, Boys, well stuck.

Alb. What means your Highness?

Trap. Our Highness means to take exact account of Affairs;
I left an honest Fellow here, call'd *Trappolin*. What's become of
him?

Barb. Your Highness gave me charge to banish him.

Trap. Why there's the Pillar of our State gone. You took
him for Buffoon, but I found him one of the best Politicians in
Christendome; other Countreys will value him, and for ought
I know, he's a Prince by this time—*Eo, Meo, and Arco*, true
Lads still.

Alb. I am amaz'd!

Trap. Hear me, you Lord *Barb.* I love dispatch in Affairs, tell
me therefore quickly what you take to be the duty of a Statef-
man?

Barb. To study first his Royal Masters profit, And

SCENE. A Prison.

Re-Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **W**hat a dismal Place is here? I'll have it carry'd bodily out of my Dukedom. Alas poor Brunetto, what has he done to be shut up here? — Oh here he comes!

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. What can the Duke design by coming hither? For certain, it must be to see me strangled; Well let him execute his Tyrant will, For Death it self were Mercy to this Dungeon. Great Prince.

Trap. He makes a very low leg, but I scorn to be out done in Courtesie.

Bru. What can this cruel Mockery intend? Your Highness does forget your self extremly: I am your Prisoner.

Trap. My best Friend Brunetto.

Bru. I am astonish'd! Sit, upon my knees I do congratulate your safe Return.

Trap. And upon my knees I do embrace thee, honest Brunetto.

Bru. I know not what to think or speak. I do beseech your Highness, Rise.

Trap. Not without thee: Therefore up I say; away with Complements, I cannot abide them.

Bru. You honour me above expression.

Trap. A Fig for honour, I love thee man; Sirrah Jayler, bring Chairs hither presently.

Bru. Your Highness —

Trap. Away with Highness, I say, away with it; call me Lavin, plain Medicer.

Bru.

Brn. Sure I am awake, this is no Dream?

Trap. We will live merrily together, I faith we will! Come Sirrah what a while have you been bringing these Chairs? I have known a Pimp made a Prince in less time. *Brunetto* sit thee down, sit down I say.

Brn. I will attend your Highness on my knees.

Trap. Why, I am not thy Father, am I? Sit thee here.

Brn. On the right hand — That must not be.

Trap. Why an' thou wilt have it there, there let it be. — But hold, I am mistaken, that is on the left hand, that must not be. Dost thou think I have no manners in me.

[*They remove their Chairs several times.*]

Brn. There is no remedy, I must obey.

Trap. Very well, — What now art thou afraid of me? Marry an' thou draws't back, I'll draw back too: Therefore sit still I say, and let us talk.

Brn. Great Sir, I am unworthy of these honours. Your Noblest *Florentines* would be most proud To be thus grac'd.

Trap. I love not these set speeches. Let us talk as if we were in a Tavern together. — Now, I prithee Man, how came'st thou into this damn'd Dungeon?

Brn. I, now the storm comes. — Pardon me Dread Sovereign.

Trap. What, on thy knees again? Dost take me for *Mahomet*? As well as I can pardon thee; I do pardon thee whatever it be, tho' thou hast kill'd every Body.

Brn. Wherefore this Torture Sir, before my Death, 'Tis Tyranny; your Highness knows my Crime Was in aspiring to your Royal Sister.

Trap. Wast thou laid up for that? Alas for thee! Hast marry'd her?

Brn. Beseech your Grace.

Trap. Well, An' thou hast not, I would thou hadst; get her consent, and here I give thee mine. So come along with me to Dinner.

Brn. Your Highness shall command me to my Death.

Trap. I say, Thou shalt have her, and if I had two Sisters, Thou should'st have them both — Who waits there?

[*Barberino*]

[*Barberino, Alberto, Attendants Enter.*]

Now my good Lords, you see this Apartment, and you thought fit to have *Baunetto* shut up here for making Love to my Sister.

Alb. It was your Highness Judgment and Command.

Trap. Jayler, take me these two Coxcomby Lords, and keep them under Lock : They are never well but when they are doing mischief. In my Conscience and Soul, here is such incumbrance of perplexity, that I protest——Come along Friend

[*Exit: with Brunetto.*]

Barb. Why, This is meer Distraction.

Alb. We must endure it. [*They go in.*]

ACT II.

SCENE. *The Palace.*

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. **T**His Dukes life is very pleasant ! Did ever any man come to preferment upon lighter terms, I am made a Prince, and Father. Conjuror goes to the Devil for't.

Enter Flametta.

Whose here my pretty little Rogue ? I mar'l what makes her at Court, tho' I fear this Affair will cost Lord *Barberino* a Castration.

Fla. Here is the Duke alone, whom I so long Have sought for, to petition for repeal Of my Dear *Trappolin* :——
I do beseech your Grace

D

Take

Take pity on a miserable Maid,
Bereav'd of all her Joys.

Trap. All her Joys, that's Me!

Fla. I humbly beg

Poor banish't Trappolin may be recall'd.

Trap. Dear Honeyluckie, the ev'n makes me weep.

Fla. Great Sir, That you have Noble thoughts.

Trap. I have so.

Fla. The world is Witnes, and by Consequence
A heart full of Commiseration.

Trap. 'Tis so; What a torment is this now, that I must counter-
feit with her? Fair Maiden rise, What is your Name?

Fla. Flametta.

Trap. Thou shalt fare the better for that:—Trouble not your
self, your Trappolin shall be recall'd, and I would I were sacri-
fic'd, if I do not love him as well as I do my self. —

Who comes yonder & the Princess.

Enter Prudeppia

Fla. This is most Gracious. —

Trap. Some of my roguy Lords talk't of hanging him; if e'r
he come home again, but upon my Honour I swear it, that if they
hang him, they shall hang me; and so let thy heart at rest.

Fla. Heav'n bless your Highness. [Exit.]

Trap. If this be the Princess, I'll be sworn Brunetta was in
the Right of it.

Prud. Ten thousand Welcomes, Sir; I never found
Such tedious hours as since you left the Court.

Trap. Fair Lady, come hither — You are our Sister you'll
say.

Prud. I hope my Conduct Sir, has ne'er giv'n Cause
For you to doubt of my Relation to you.
I am your Sister Sir, and Servant.

Trap. I am sorry for't.

Prud. I do beseech your Highness, on what ground?

Trap. For a Carnal Reason, that shall be Nameless. But since
we are Brother and Sister, we must content our selves as well as
we can.

Prud.

Prud. I am surpriz'd at this. I heard indeed His Language and Deportment was much alter'd; — Sir, I am glad to see you safe return'd, But should have been more joyful, had you brought Your Dutches with you.

Trap. She'll come soon enough, never fear it: But Sister, To our Affair in hand (for I am Vengeance hungry) At my Return here I found *Brunetto* in Jail, and it appear'd to be for Love of you: Tell me Sister, can you fancy him?

Prud. Your Will, Sir, is the square of all my Actions, I have no Aversion for *Brunetto's* Passion: Besides, his Quality, tho' yet conceal'd, Is worthy of your Blood, he is a Prince, His Name *Horatio*, and the second Son To *Savoy's Duke*.

Trap. My Friend a Prince; besworn I no more thought of seeing him a Prince than my self: Sister, you shall have my Consent to marry him, and so there's an end.

[*A confused noise without.*]

What's there to do?

Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, This is the Day and Hour, in which your Highness is wont to determine Causes in your Chair of State here. And accordingly here are several Persons come to appeal to your Highness for Justice.

Trap. What! Justice before I have Dined? I tell you, it is a dangerous thing: I had like to have been hang'd once my Self, because the Judge was Fasting; — Well, let them enter.

[*He takes the Chair of State.*]

Well, here sits the Government: In the first place I would have the Court take notice, that in Affairs of State, I think words are not to be multiply'd, and I think so, I shall not do so; and if I do not, no body else must: So that in this Assembly, he that speaks little, will speak better than he that talks much; and he that says nothing, better than they both.

[The People being brought in, A Woman with her Daughter

Stand forth.]

Wom. I do beseech your Highness to do me Justice ;
I have liv'd long with Fame amongst my Neighbours ;
My Husband too bore Office in the Parish
'Till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highness,
And left me but this dear and only Daughter,
Whom this old Sinner has debauch'd,
And spoil'd her Fortune.

Trap. Debauch'd ? That is to say, lay with her ? got her Maidenhead.

Wom. Your Highness has a most discerning Judgment.

Trap. And how did he do this ? Lawfully by the help of a Pimp, or without it ?

Wom. O most unlawfully ! For Sir, he has a Wife and Son too of his own Inches.

Trap. A Son of his own Inches ; good.
Then the Decision of this Cause is easie :
Do you hear Woman, we will have that Son debauch'd, you shall get that Son's Maidenhead, and spoil his Fortune.

Wom. I do beseech your Grace, what ? —

Trap. No replying after Sentence. — Whose Cause is next.

[Another Woman stands forth.]

Wom. Great Duke of Tuscany, vouchsafe to hear me :
I am a poor and helpless Widow, one
That had no Comfort left me, but my Child,
Whom this vile Minion *Whipp* the Coachman here
Being drunk, drove over him, and left him dead.
I do beseech your Highness, make my Case
Your own, and think what sad Distress —

Trap. Hold, hold, I will have no flourishing — This Cause requires some half a Minutes consideration more than the former : *Whipp* you say, being drunk drove over your Child and kill'd him ; why look you Woman, Drink will make a Coachman a Prince, and *vice versa* by the Rule of Proportion, a Prince a Coachman, so that this may be my own Case another time ; however , that shall make no obstruction of Justice : — Therefore *Whipp*, shall lye with you, and be suspended from driving, till he has got you another Child. —

Wom.

Wom. So please your Grace, this is still worse.

Trap. No replying after Sentence.——Whose next?

[*A Puritan stands forth.*]

Pur. So please your temporal Authority.

Trap. How now! my mortifi'd Brother of Geneva, what carnal Controversie are you engaged in?

Pur. Verily, there is nothing carnal in my Cause: I have sustained violence, much violence, and must have much compensation from the ungodly.

Trap. What is your Grievance?

Pur. I will pour it forth in the words of Sincerity.

Trap. I care not a Farthing for Sincerity; let me have it in Brevity.

Pur. This Person here is by Occupation a Mason or Tiler, as the Language of the world termeth it; whilst therefore I stood contemplating a new Mansion that I had prepared unto my self at the same time that this Person occupied his Vocation aloft thereon, or rather should have occupied, such was his wicked negligence, that he fell from the top of the building most unconscionably upon my outward man, even with all his carnal weight, and almost bruised me unto the death, I being clad in thin Array (through the immoderate heat of the Season) namely, five Cassocks or Coats, seven Cloaks, and one dozen of quilted Caps.

Trap. Believe me, Sirs, a most important matter! If such enormities go unpunish'd, what Subject can be safe? Why, if any perverse Fellow take a Pique against his Neighbour, it is but getting up 8 or 10 or 14 stories high, and so fall down upon him as he stands thinking no harm in the Street: I do therefore Decree. That this Tiler shall stand below, while you get upon the Battlements of the House, and fall down upon him.

Pur. This is still most monstrous.

Trap. As for petty Causes, let them wait till we have Dined——*Ex, Mee, and Arco!*——Come along Sister.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

A Duke and no Duke

Enter Duke Lavinio, Isabella the Dutchess,
Ladies, and Attendants.

Lavinio. My heart's best wish is that you should be here.
You are most welcome to the Court of Florence.
And when I lose the sense of such a blessing,
And cease to make you happy in my state,
Let me become a Tributary Lord,
And hold my Birth-right at another's will.

Isab. Dread Sir, I know not what you say.
Blest doubly in your Honour and your Love!

Lav. My absence from Affairs so long, requires
My close Attendants to inform me of the state of things.
Then I'll return to settle Love's account,
With flaming heart, as Beaulieu I have done,
And pay my Vows with double Adoration.
Mean while, our Princess and her Train once more
Shall welcome you to Florence.
Attend the Dutchess in your own way.

Isab. All that Lavinio said Guards.
The Face of things seems alter'd since I went;
Some strange fantastick humour has possess'd
In general the Citizens of Florence.

As yet I have met with none, but who amaze me;
And speak of Matters done by they say,
I had been here before my Dutchess came.
Call Barberino and Alberto to me.
They'll soon resolve.

[Barberino and Alberto appear through the Grates.]
Most gracious Sir,
Pity your Subjects, and most faithful Servants.

Lav. Confusion! Are my Eyes and Ears both charm'd?
Our Deputies whom we did leave in trust
Of our whole Power, chain'd, shackl'd, and in Jail!
Set them at large, and in my Presence now
Before this Minute can expire, or I
Shall go distracted ere I know the Cause.
Sure some ill Spirit has possess'd

My Subjects minds when I was gone: Dye know me.

Barb. The Duke of Florence our most gracious Master.

Lav. Are not you call'd *Barbarino*, you *Alberro*,
My prudent faithful Counsellours to whom

I left the Government of *Tuscany*?

Alb. We are your Loyal Subjects, tho' your Prisoners.

Lav. How came you so?

Barb. Great Sir, Your self knows well.
'Twas only for obeying your Commands.

Lav. By Heav'n a general Plot upon my Wits,
Tell me the meaning, jest not with my Rage,
I charge you do not, therefore speak sense to me,
Or on your naked hearts I'll read the Riddle.

Alb. Alas! what shall we say? Great Sir, you know
That none except your Royal self could do it,
And to your Sacred Justice we appeal,
How far we have deserv'd.

Lav. Perdition! Fury!
Where will this end? Gods! I shall burst with Choler.
Be merciful good Heav'n and give me Temper.

Alb. Amen good Heaven: I fear the fatal wound.

Lav. Some Frenzie has on the poor Wretches seiz'd,
Or else they durst not thus to tempt my Fury.
Indeed I was too blame in threatening you,
Who so much need my pity: My good Lords,
I do beseech you to collect your Wits,
And tell me gently how you came in Prison.

Barb. By the Prosperity of *Tuscany*
Your Highness left us there.

Lav. When did I so?

Alb. The self same time you went in Person thither to free
Brunetto.

Lav. The self same time that I went thither
To free *Brunetto*: Death whom? What *Brunetto*?

Barb. Your Prisoner taken in the *Adrian War*.

Lav. The more I search the more I am confounded,
Quite lost within a Labyrinth of wonders.

Alb. Gods! how he speaks, and all we were mad
And he had done nothing.

Lav. I will yet have patience:

Tell

Tell me my Lords, if you are very sure
That you are well, and Masters of your Scales.

Barb. If e're your Highness knew us so we are.

Law. Yet give me leave to think what I do know;
I can sustain no more. — Come hither *Captain*.

These Lords affirm, that I put them in Prison,
How say you to't?

Capt. Great Sir, your Highness did
You saw them left in Custody that Minute
You free'd *Brunezzo*.

Law. He's in the same Tale:

Tho'they are all alike depriv'd of sense,
Yet do they all agree in what they say;
But why, good *Captain*, I will reason't with you,
Should I desire *Brunezzo's* liberty?

Would it not be a foul dishonour think you
To the great Family of *Melicks*,
To cast away our Sister upon one
We neither yet know Whom, nor What he is:
I pray you therefore *Captain*, if you have
Any small fragment of your Wits remaining,
Reply accordingly.

Capt. Sir, It is certain,
That if your Highness should bestow your Sister
On such a one as you are pleas'd to mention,
The Conduct would surprize the world; but Sir,
I heard your self, distinctly I did hear you,
To call *Brunezzo*, Prince *Perotto*,
The second Son to the Duke of *Savoy*.

Law. Vengeance!

My wonder is so great, that I want words
Wherewith to give it vent: I see that all
My Subjects being distracted, think me mad.

Capt. Nay more, Your Highness gave the Princess charge
That she prepar'd her self, for in two days
You'd see her marry'd to the Prince *Perotto*.

Law. Enough! Yet Odd's Pie hold my Reason yet,
Florence I left a most ingenious City,
But find it woefully at my Return
Possess'd with strange unheard of *Zanony*.

Captain,

Captain, I swear to you by my Dukesdom,
I'd rather send for that *Brunetto's head*,
Than such a message as you say I did.
Capt. Beseech your Highness look, let your own eyes
Convince you of the Truth of what I said.

Enter Brunetto, and Prudentia.

Brn. Divine *Prudentia*, All thy Sexes Charms
In thee are centred, and from that fair Union
Receive a fresh unspeakable Addition,
Your Brother's good ev'n to a Miracle,
And gave me thralldom, but to raise my Joy.

Prud. Indeed it speaks a Noble Nature in him
To Crown Desert, though in an Enemy,
And now I must confess without a blush,
You long have been my hearts dear secret choice,
But never durst give Ear to your Addresses
'Till by my Brothers free consent allow'd.

Brn. Said you Consent? Alas! That Name falls from
Of his Transcendent Grace: He's earnest for us,
Urges and drives us to the Bow'r of Joy.

Lav. Furies and Scorpions drive you. Whirlwinds part you.

Prud. My Royal Brother.

Lav. Damn'd Infernal Creature!

More false than *Helen*, and the greater Plague.

Brn. I did suspect at first 'twas his Distracted
That favour'd my aspiring hopes, and now
I fear 't has chang'd his mind to my undoing.

Prud. Wherein Dear Sir, have I deserv'd this Usage?
Was't not your Order?

Lav. Sulphur choke thy voice:
Ple spend no Breath upon a thing so vile.
You Sir, My new made Favourite, come near
And tell me, are you Son to *Sever's* Duke?

Brn. Your Highness knows I am his Second.

Lavin. I know you are his Second? Blood and Fire
This Frenzy has seiz'd him too,
Then know Sir, Were you *Sever's* eldest Son

My Sister once deserv'd a better Match;
 And she shall rather in a Monastery
 Sigh out a weary Life without Devotion,
 Than be your Wife. To Prison with the Boaster
 'Till Savoy fetch him thence.

[The Guards hurry him off.]

Barb. This relishes of Reason.

Alb. Heav'n preserve

This temper, and restore the State of Florence.

Law. Come Lords, and lend your best Assistance to me;

Sleep shall not close my Eyes, nor food refresh me;

'Till we have search'd this Mischief to the Core;

Wee'l stop at no extremis of Blood or Torture,

Baulk no rough Means that may our Peace secure?

Such desp'rate Ill's, must have as desp'rate Cure.

[Exeunt. Enter Prudentia.]

Prud. Unhappy Florence! more unhappy I

To see a Prince and Brother thus decay'd,

Bereav'd of Reason, and made less than Man!

My Dear *Horatio*, grieve not at this Usage,

But rather pity thy Oppressors Fate.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. Whoe here? the Princess in tears? Dear Sister, how dost thou do? Come, I know your Grievance, and out of my Natural affection have taken care for you; you marry the Prince *Horatio* this Night.

Prud. One Minute then has chang'd his sullen humour? Why then Sir, have you made him a close Prisoner?

Trap. A Prisoner say you?—Run Guards and fetch him to our Presence.—Do not so much abuse your self dear Sister, to think I would confine my Friend to Prison.

Prud. You did it Sir this Minute, he's scarce there yet.

Trap. Madam Sister, If I did, it was in my Drink, and certainly I had some politick Reason for it, which I have now forgot.—Some more Wine Slave to clear my Understanding.

[Brunetto]

[Brunetto brought in here.]

Bru. How soon his mind is chang'd? The Heaven's be prais'd.

Trap. Dear Prince *Horatio* an' you do not forgive my Locking you in Prison, I shall never be merry again, and so here is to you dear Prince *Horatio*.

Bru. Upon my knees I pay my humblest Thanks.

Trap. Come, come, Take her along Man, take her along, I know Lovers would be private, and so agree the rest among your selves.

[Brunetto leads off Prudentia.

[Barberino and Alberto passing over the Stage.]

Trap. Who's yonder? my Lords Banishers at large agen: will the Government never be able to drink in quiet for 'em? Seize those Traytors there, and carry them to Prison. And do you hear Sirrah, it shall be Treason for any body to let them out.

Off. Unless by order from your Highness.

Trap. Orders from my Highness? I tell you Rascal, it shall be Treason to let them out, tho' I command it my self: Away with them, go

Enter Isabella.

What *Bona Roba* have we here now?

Isab. My Dearest Lord.

Trap. For her Dress and Beauty, she may be a Dutchess, who are you Madam?

Isab. Do you not know me Sir?

Trap. It seems she is none of the wisest, tho'.

Isab. How am I alter'd since I came from *Florence*?

Trap. Oh! 'tis the Dutchess: You are our Wife, you'll say?

Isab. Sir:

Trap. I am glad of it I promise you; come kiss then incontinently!

Isab. What mean you Sir? You are merrily dispos'd.

Trap. Madam Dutchess, I am somewhat jovial indeed, I have been drinking freely; and so kiss me again.

Isab. My Lord.

Trap. You are a handsome Woman I promise you, and tell me Madam Dutchess, am not I a proper handsome Fellow?

Isab. Sir, Do not jest with me, you know you are
The Man whom I esteem above the World.

Trap. What a winning look was there too? — To Bed my
Dear, to Bed. — Ple but take 't'other Flask, to put State Af-
fairs out of my head, and then — Ah! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. III.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. **Y**OU Glorious Planets that do nightly guide
The giddy Ships upon the Ocean Waves,
If some of your malignant Influences
Have rais'd this madness in my Subjects minds,

Let some of your more gentle Aspects now
Restore them to their Sense.

[*Barberino and Alberto appear in Prison.*]

I am astonish'd, Heaven's! What do I see?

My Lords imprison'd? Free them instantly

Without reply, for should you answer me,

I know you'll say I did it, and distract me.

Capt. His ill Fit's off again.

Lav. I do not think that since the Infancy

And first Creation of the World, a madness

Pestiferous and equal unto this

Was ever known, all-Gracious Heav'n reveal

The fatal Cause, or lay our Cities waste.

Burb. Most Gracious Sovereign, How have we deserv'd

Thus to be made the scorn of Vulgar Eyes?

Lav. Yet send me Patience Heav'n!

I wonder Lords, that you of all my Subjects,

Whom I have known to bear the Noblest Judgements,

Should thus distract your selves in your wild Fits;

You run to Prison of your own accord,

And say, I sent you.

Alb.

Alb. Most Royal Sir, We grieve to see these days;
You did command us thither.

Lav. I?

Barb. Your Highness self.

Lav. You are both deceived, to hold me the Errand,
And lay the blame on me.

Capt. So please your Grace, You did again Commit 'em,
That very hour in which you set them free.

Lav. I commit them?
I tell you all with sorrow, witness Heav'n
How deep that sorrow is! you are all made
Therefore in this small interval of Sense,

Betake you with one voice to your Devotion,
And pray the incens'd Gods to be appeas'd
And keep you from Relapse.

Both. Heav'n Bless your Highness!

Lav. Plague, Famine, War, the ruinous Instruments
Where with incens'd Deities do punish
Poor Mankind for mis-deeds, had they all fall'n
Upon this City, it had been a thing
To be lamented, but not wonder'd at.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My Lord, I have this hour expected you.

Lav. O, my dear *Isabella*, I have brought thee
From *Millain* flourishing with all Delights,
Into a City full of men distracted.

Isab. He is no sorer yet. Go in and sleep Sir,
You don't well my Lord, thus to betray
Your weakness to the publick view.

Lav. Oh, Heaven's!
My Wife and all.

Isab. What say you Sir?

Lav. My *Isabella*, Thou hast cause to curse me
For bringing thee into a place infected;
The Air is poyson'd, and I wonder now
How I have escap'd so long.

Isab. Pray go sleep.

Lav.

Lav. Why *Isabella*?

Isab. You have drunk too much.

Lav. Madness unmatch'd!

She's farther gone than any of the rest.
Dear *Isabella*, Retire into thy Chamber;
Compose thy thoughts a while, and I'll come to thee;
There we'll beseech the angry Gods together,
That they would yet remove this heavy yoke.

Enter Brunetto and Prudential

What do I see? *Brunetto* unconfin'd?
I am astonish'd how he came at large;
Whom I would have to lie in Prison, walk
In freedom, and whom I would have in freedom
Run of themselves to Prison. — Hell! They kiss
Embrace before my Eyes! My Guards there.

Bru. Ha!

He's chang'd again.

Prud. My Noble Brother,

Lav. Off,

Hadst thou thy Reason, and shouldst offer this,
I'd study Tortures for thee; as thou art,
I pity thy misfortunes. — Seize your Prisoner so
Next time I see him free, your head is forfeit.

Prud. Wonders on Wonders, I beseech you Sir,
By all the bonds of Nature, for what cause?

Lavin. It is in vain to answer frantick People.

SCENE

SCENE *Draws, and Shews*

Trappolin asleep. Flasks of Wine by him.

Trap. *W*hat a Princely Nap have I taken! — But as I remember I was to have gone to my Dutcheſs, or dreamt ſo. — Give me a Bumper.

[*Barberino and Alberto enter.*]

My Lords at large again?

Barb. Long live your Highneſs,

Trap. Amen.

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen for that too. — But my ſmall Friends, how came you hither? I thought you had been under Lock and Key.

Barb. Alas! he is relaps'd as bad as ever.

Trap. Sirrah Captain, Why kept you not theſe Vermin up till I bid you let them out?

Capt. So pleaſe your Grace, I did.

Trap. Will you lie Raskal to my Princely Face? [*He throws*

Capt. Gods! will this humour never leave him? *Wine in his*

Barb. We muſt in again.

Trap. To Kennel with them, walk my good Lords Banishers, your Honours know the way. Along with them, Trugh! trugh!

Alb. There is no remedy.

[*They are carried off.*]

Trap. Thus far I take it, we have kept the Government in good Order; now for my Dutcheſs, lead to her Graces Apartment.

[*Officer enters.*]

Off. Embaſſadours from Saxoy deſire admittance.

Trap. What are their Names?

Off. Sir, I preſum'd not to enquire.

Trap. Then what's their Buſineſs?

Off. That Sir were worſe preſumption.

Trap. Thou inſolent Varlet, What a Vulgar Fellow doſt thou take me for, to ſpeak with Strangers before I know their buſineſs?

ness:—Well Sirrah, set a Bumper by our Chair of State, and bring them to our Presence.

Off. What can this mean?

Trap. Suppose now, that those should be Spies upon our Government, in the shape of Ambassadors: Loving Subjects, if that be their business, I shall be frank and tell them, they have the wrong. *Now by the Em.* For as the Ancients were wont to say, (those Ancients were a wise Nation) it was with them a principal Maxim, *Some wiser than some:* Trust me for Politicks, I faith.

[*Enter Ambassadors.*]

1. *Emb.* Dread Sir, By us the Duke of *Lavinio* lands.
To greet your Nuptials with the *Millanese*,
Wishing all happiness to great *Lavinio*.

Trap. 'Tis civilly done, by my Troth, and there is no Love lost, I can assure him.

2. *Emb.* Is this the so much fam'd *Lavinio*,
Renown'd for Wisdom and Severity.

Trap. I say, it shews his good Nature as well as his Breeding, and so here's his good health.

1. *Emb.* This is most strange.

Trap. So much for Ceremony, now to our Business:
For what can more besit a Prince than Business,
Which always is best done *Propria Persona*;
I therefore Spice my Mornings Draught my self.

2. *Emb.* I am astonish'd.

Trap. The next prime Quality is for a Prince
Well to inform him of neighbouring Courts,
What Customs and Diversions are in use;
But chiefly by what Politicks they steer,
What Method in Affairs of State they take,
Whereby to square his own Concerns at home:
I therefore ask, *what Wine you have in Savoy?*

1. *Emb.* This is gross Mockery.

2. *Emb.* Or utter Frenzy.

We come not Sir to trifle, and 'tis time

We now declare the Order of our Message:

Our

Our Royal Master is at last informed,
His only Brother, and his Dukedom's Heir,
Lyes here confin'd in close Imprisonment;
Release him instantly, and we are Friends;
Refuse us, and our sole Reply is War.

Trap. If you bring nothing but War, e'en carry it back with you again: We can drink and quarrel fast enough amongst our selves: — But heark you, For the sake of some Dukes that shall be nameless, before I treat with your Master, I must know by what Title he holds.

1. *Emb.* By Native and Legitimate Claim.

Trap. That is as much as to say, I am an Usurper.

2. *Emb.* By most unquestion'd and immediate Right From Heav'n.

Trap. As who should say, — my Preferment came from the Devil.

1. *Emb.* We ask your final Answer, Peace or War.

Trap. My final Answer is, to tell no man my Pleasure, till I know it my self.

2. *Emb.* Let us declare for Arms then, and away.

1. *Emb.* It cannot be with this Fantastick Tale;
To bring this strange account, will speak us mad,
And with our Prince ne'er gain the least Belief.

Trap. Look you Sirs, Your Master and I, can agree to fall out at our leisure; but if he pretend to love the Prince *Horatio* better than I do, he is a very uncivil Person, and so I shall tell him when I next light into his Company.

1. *Emb.* Heaven's! this is still more strange.

Trap. Will he fight for him?

2. *Emb.* He'll Conquer for him, *Florence* shall confess it.

Trap. Then I have one familiar Question more,
Will he Pimp for him?

1. *Emb.* Prodigious!

Trap. Not Pimp for him? Let him pretend no further;
If he ne'er Pimp'd for him, his Claim is done.
Will he give him his Sister?

2. *Emb.* That were fowl Incest, and besides, he has none.

Trap. Why no more have I, nor ever had in my life, and yet I have given him mine. — But as for your Princess, let her set

her heart at rest; for if my Friend must not have her, I will marry her my self.

1. *Emb.* What, while your *Millanese* is living ?

Trap. That I confess I had forgot, Care for the State has turn'd my Brain : — But here is to our better Understanding. [*Drinks.*]

2. *Emb.* This is beyond all sufferance, gross affront ;
And *Florence* shall in Blood lament the Folly.

Trap. In the name of *Mars*, then let your Master know, I care not, when we meet at the head of our Army — to crack a Bottle.
[*Exeunt* Severally.]

Enter Lavinio hastily.

Lav. I've found, I've found at last the fatal Riddle :
It must be so, the Gods inspire the Thought,
Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me.

Serv. From Prison Sir ?

Lav. From Prison Slave, what mean'st thou ?

Serv. Your Highness but this Minute sent them thither ;
Nor will your Officer at my Request
Release them, 'twas so strict a Charge you gave.

Lav. Here take my Signet for a Token : Bid them
Attend me instantly in my Apartment.

It must, it must be so, some spiteful Fiend
Permitted by the Heav'ns assumes my shape :

And what I do, undoes ; no other Cause
Remains in Nature for these strange Effects ;

Pity me God's, your lab'ring Minister ;

Remove this Plague, and save the State of *Florence*.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Trappolin, as going to the Dutchesse's
Bed-Chamber.*

Trap. The next is the Dutchesse's Bed-Chamber, — and yonder she is fast asleep. — What a Neck and Breast is there ? — Now do I reckon that my Friend *Brunetto* and I shall encounter much about a time. I ought to have seen him a Bed first, but my Natural Affection to my Dutchesse prevail'd above my Manners.

Re-Enter

Re-Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is your Ring again Sir.

Trap. What Ring ?

Serv. Your Signet Sir, which you sent me with, I have according to your Order releas'd the Lords.

Trap. Give it me : Now, go Slave commend me to *Brunetto*, and bid him start fair.

Serv. From Prison Sir ?

Trap. From Prison say you ? — Here take my Signet with you again, and release him : and say, I charge him on his Allegiance to go to Bed to the Princess immediately ; make all fast without there ; I can find the way to her Grace by myself :
Away.

[*Ex. Servants, &c.*

[*As he is going in, he meets Lavinio entering.*]

Lav. 'Tis strange they come not yet ; — What do I see ?
This is the Hellish Phantasm that has bred
All this Confusion in our Court ; good Gods
How he resembles me ! That I my self
Would almost take him for my self : What art thou ?

Trap. I am *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuscany*.

Lav. He speaks too, and usurps my Name.
If thou art a Fiend, the gracious Heav'ns be kind,
And put a Period to thy wild proceedings ;
But if thou art a Witch, I'll have thee burnt.

Trap. Burnt ? Traitor, burn your lawful Duke !

Lav. I'll try if thou hast substance, struggle not,
For thou mayst sooner break from *Hercules* :
I'll have thee flead from thy enchanted skin,
In which thou represents't my Person.

Trap. I say, beware of Treason ; flea off my skin ?

Lav. Guards, Guards, Guards.

Trap. Guards, Guards.

Lav. A Traitor, a Traitor.

Trap. A Traitor, a Traitor.

A Duke and no Duke.

[*As they strive and call together, Trappolin flings the Enchanted Powder in his Face. Lav. quits his hold.*

There's some of Father Conjurer's Powder for you ; what it will do for me I know not, but there 'tis.

Lav. The Sorcerer has blinded me.

Trap. Ay, so would Powder of Post for the present ; but if this be all the wonderful Effects, I'll save my skin while I may.

[*He runs off.*

Lav. Stop, stop the Traytor, help ! Guards, Guards !

[*Runs after him.*

Enter Isabella in her Night-Gown.

Isab. Sure I did hear the Duke, my Husbands Voice
As in distress, and calling out for help ;

Or did I dream ? It must be more than so :

Nay, as I thought, I saw two Figures of him

One coursing of the other : —

The noise continues still — Who waits ? All Deaf ?

[*Rings a Bell.*

What, no Attendance here ? What can this mean ?

This is the private passage to the Princess's Chamber.

I'll see if all be as silent there.

[*Exit.*

Re-Enter Trappolin.

Trap. What will become of me ? I shall never have the heart
to swagger it out with him : The Guards are coming too : —
Oh rare Powder ! 't has done the work I faith.

Re-Enter Lavinio, transform'd into the Likeness of Trappolin.

Lav. I have thee, and will hold thee, wert thou *Proteus*.

Enter Captain and Guards.

Trap. Help Subjects, help your Duke's assaulted.

Capt.

Capt. Audacious Slave.

Lav. Death and Furies!

Capt. What? *Trappolin* return'd?

Off. He is distracted sure.

Trap. No, no, *Trappolin* was too honest to assault his natural Prince, this is some Villain transform'd by Magick to his likeness, *And I will have him flea'd out of his enchanted skin.*

Lav. Blood and Vengeance.

Trap. Look to him carefully, till you have our further Orders: Now once more for my Dutcheffs. [Exit.]

Lav. Unhand me Slaves, I am the Duke your Sovereign.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Lav. That Villain that went out, a damn'd Impostor.

Off. Fowl Treason, stop his mouth.

Capt. Alas, he is Lunatick.

Lav. Why did you let th' Impostor Devil scape?

Capt. Compose thy self poor *Trappolin*.

Lav. What mean the Slaves by *Trappolin*?

Enter Servant.

Sir, Are you come? Where is my Ring?

Serv. *Trappolin* come home? And as great a Knave, it seems, as ever: He has heard the Duke sent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue thinks to get it.

Lav. The Slaves are now gone mad another way. They take the Counterfeit, for their true Prince, And me it seems for One I do not know. Sure some amongst my Subjects yet will know me, Then Slaves, your Heads shall answer for this Crime.

Enter Flamettra.

Flam. I am or'joy'd; you are welcome home my Dear, I fear'd alas, I ne're should see you more: Indeed my Dear, you are beholden to me; 'Twas I that won the Duke for your Repeal.

Lav. Blood and Fire!

Flam.

Flam. This is unkind to treat me with such coldness,
After so long an Absence ; have you then
Forgot my Truth and Constancy ?

Lav. Off Strumpet.

Flam. Dost thou reward me thus for all the Pains
I took for thy Return to *Florence* ?

Lav. Leave me,
Or I will spurn thee from me.
: *Flam.* O faithless Men ! Women by me take heed
How you give credit to the perjur'd Sex.
Have I all thy long Banishment been true,
Refus'd Lord *Barberino* with his Gifts ;
And am I slighted thus ?

Lav. What means the Harlot ?
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, have all conspir'd together,
To load me with a Crime unknown before.

Enter Barberino and Alberto.

My Lords, You never came in better Season,
For never was your Prince so much distress'd ;
My very Guards deny me for their Master,
And take a Wizard for the Duke of *Florence* !

Barb. What means the Vagabond, how came he home ?
I hope the Duke will take care to reward him.
Say Captain, which way is our Royal Master ?

Lav. Nay then, Destruction is turned loose upon me.

Flam. Alas, He is mad !
Distracted with his Banishment.

Enter Isabella and Prudentia.

Pru. The Vision you relate is wonderful,
And all these strange disorders in the Court
Must needs proceed from some Prodigious Cause.

Lav. That is the Princess's voice, *Prudentia*, Sister,
Pity your Brother, speak to these mad Subjects
That do not know their Prince.

Pru. What Fellow's this ?

Capt. Off Sirrah.

Lav. Is she bewitched too ?——My Dear *Isabella*
Thou sure wilt own the Duke thy Husband :——Ha !
She turns away in wonder ! By the Bonds
Of Duty, and of Nature, I conjure you
To do me Right, and own the Duke your Lord.
Alberto, Barberino, Prudentia, Isabella.

All. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Isab. What do you with this frantick wretch ? look to him
And lodge him in the Hospital.

Lav. Confusion !

Nay then 'tis time to lay me thus on Earth,
And grow one Peice with it. [*Throws himself down.*

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Your Highness humble Servant,——Dear *Prudentia*,
The Duke once more consents to make us happy,
Here is his Royal Signet for our Marriage.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. *Io, Meo*, and *Arco*, rare Boys still.——I am out of breath
with looking for her ; the Bed I found, but no Dutcheß ; and
not one of her Women can tell me where she is :—Why here
they are now all on a Bundle. Dear Pigs-ney, what a naughty
Trick was this, to Spirit your self away, when you know how
frighted I am with lying alone ?——My Princely Friend, Hast
thou consummated ? That sneaking look of thine, confesses thee
Guilty : Well, marry'd or not marry'd, I am resolv'd to see you
a Bed together incontinently.

Lav. The Devil you shall.

[*Rising up hastily.*

Flam. Dear *Trappolin* be quiet.
You will destroy your self and me.——I do beseech your Grace,
Forgive him ; alafs, he is Lunatick.

Lav. Oh Heav'ns ! endure this Impostor thus
With his Enchantments to bewitch your Eyes.

Trap. Alafs, poor *Trappolin* ! That ever such good Parts as
thine should come to this. *Alb.*

A Duke and no Duke.

Alb. Will he e'er suffer this abuse?

Barb. I know not, perhaps one Madman will pity another.

Lav. Ye Florentines, I am *Lavinio*;
I am the *Tuscan Duke*; this an Impostor
That by damn'd Magick, and Infernal Arts
Has rais'd these strange *Chimera's* in the Court.

Alb. Your Highneis is too patient.

Flam. Sweet *Trappolin* be rul'd.

Trap. Shew him a Glass.

Lav. What do I see? Even thus I seem to them:
plagues, Death, and Furies, this is Witchcraft all: [Breaks the
Still I assert my Right, I am *Lavinio*.] Glass.

Trap. Nay then, 'I see hee' ne're come to good; to Prison
with him, take him away.

[As they seize him, Thunder and Lightning breaks
forth, Mago rises.]

Mag. Turn thee *Lavinio* Duke of *Tuscany*.

Lav. Ha! who art thou that own'st my Power and Title,
Disclaim'd by all my Subjects?

Alb. This is strange.

Trap. Father Conjuror here?—I warrant he's going to the
Devil now, and calls at Court for Company.

Lav. What e're thou art, dissolve this Magick Mist;
Restore my State, and right an injur'd Prince.

Mag. My Spells alone can do it.

Lav. I know that voice.

Mag. Remember *Guicardi* the *Tuscan Count*,
Whom twelve years since, thou didst unjustly banish;
Which tedious hours, I chiefly have apply'd
To Magick Studies, and in just revenge
Have rais'd these strange disorders in thy Court;
Now, Pardon what is past, I'll set all Right.

Lav. I swear by all the Honours of my State,
By both my Dukedoms, *Florence* and *Sienna*,
I pardon what is past.

Trap. So, here is his Grace and the Devil upon Articles of
Agreement, and excluding me from the Treaty:—Well, I'll
e'en banish my self whilst I have the Authority in my own
hands: I have got a handsome Face by the Bargain, and it
would

would grieve me to be flea'd out of it, and therefore I will steal off as silently as I can. *[Exit.]*

Mag. Then take that Chair.

[He places Lavinio in the Chair. Thunder and Lightning again.]

Bru. What mean these Prodigies?

Mag. Ye Noble Florentines suspend your fears,
And you shall see the wonders of my Skill.

Thus with my Powerful Wand I Crown thy Brow
With grateful slumbers till my Charms are wrought;
You Spirits fram'd of milder Elements,
You that Controul the black malicious Fiends,
Ascend, ascend, and execute my Will.

[Soft Music. Spirits rise and dance about Lavinio, who by a Devise is transform'd before the Audience into his own Appearance, and Habit.]

All. The Duke! Good Heav'n! How have our Eyes been Charm'd?

Long live your Highness.

Lav. Where have I been? Sure all has been a Dream.

Mag. Your Royal Word is past, you pardon all?

Lav. I do, and weep for Joy
To see my Subjects to their Sense restor'd.

Mag. Brave Prince *Horatio*, your elder Brother, *[To Brunetto.]*
The Duke of *Savoy's* dead.

Lav. Then he is *Savoy*.

Sir, I entreat forgiveness of what's past,
And wish you Joy.

[Gives him Prudentia.]

Bru. } You Crown our Happiness.
Prud. }

Lav. Methinks, we have all been scatter'd in a Storm,
And thus by Miracle met here together
Upon the happy Shore.——*Horatio*, Lords,
Prudentia, wife, let me embrace you all.

[Trappolin brought in by Spirits, in his own likeness.]

Lav. Here is th'Impostor, God's! what abject Things,
When in your Hands, prove Scourges of a State.

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, for old Acquaintance sake:
Beseech your Grace, use Moderation : *[To Lavinio.]*
You see by me what a Prince may come to.

Lav. Thy Pardon's granted, but depart the Realm.

Plam. Dear *Trappolin*, embrace the happy Fate,
And take me with thee.

Trap. My Lord, — I have flood your Lordship's Friend,

[To Brunetto.

Bru. In *Savoy* I'd requite thee *Trappolin*.

Trap. *Savoy*, Girl, *Savoy*, — a Count, a Count I warrant
thee.

Mag. Son *Trappolin*, I am thy natural Father;
And since my Banishment from *Florence*, have
Sustain'd much Hardship, serv'd the *Turk* in's Gallies.

Trap. By your leave Father Conjuror, you have serv'd the
Devil too.

Mag. But from this Hour renounce my wicked Arts.

Lav. So, lasting Happiness on *Florence* fall;

Our Plague's remov'd, and now we pass the Time

In Courty Joys; our *Tuscan* Poets shall

From these Disorders, frame Fantastick Scenes

To entertain our beauteous *Millanese*;

Each Accident at Leisure well rectify,

Misfortunes past, prove Stories of Delight.

EPI.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Haimes.

TRAPOLIN, *Suppos'd a Duke, This Action shows
Strange matters may depend on meer supposals.
One may suppose Masks chaff, lov'd Neighbours witty,
No Flatterers at Court, no Whig i'th' City.*

I am my self by one i'th' World thought Pretty.

[Pulling off his Periwig

*whereas you see no Lillies grow nor Roses,
So Masks for Beauty pass, that want their Noses.
The Reverend Citizen, Sixty and above,
That by poor inch of Candle buys his Love,
Supposes that his Son and Heir he Got,
But ask his Wife, and she supposes not.
Mean time the Sor, whilst he's a Cuckold made,
Supposes she's at Church praying for Trade.
The Country Squire newly come to Town,
By Parents doom'd to Lawyers daggl'd Gown,
Supposes some Bright Angel he has gotten
In our Lewd Gallery, till proving Rotten,
His Study soon he leaves for Sweating Tubs,
And Cook and Littleton, for honest Hobs.
Nor had Dull Cit sent Spouse to Drink the Waters,
And found helping to her Sons and Daughters,
Had he suppos'd when so the Belly swells,
There must be something in't besides the Wells.
There's no Man here had Married I'me afraid,
Had he not first suppos'd his Wife a Maid,
Thus, 'tis Opinion must our Peace secure,
For no Experiment can do't I'me sure.*

In Paths of Love no Foot-steps e're were Trac'd,

All we can do is to suppose her Ghost,

For Women are of that deep subtle kind,

The more you love them, the less you find.

Ah Ladies! what strange Fate still Rules in Men;

For whilst we wisely would escape the Gin,

A kind suppose still draws the Woodcocks in :

In all Affairs 'tis so, the Lawyer's Bail,

And with damn'd Noise and Nonsense fill the Hall,

Supposing after Seven Years being a Drudge,

'Twill be his Fortune to be made a Judge.

The Parson too that prays against ill Weathers,

That thumps the Cushion till he leaves no Feathers,

Woud' let his Flock I fear grow very Lean,

Without suppose at least of being a Dean.

All things are helpt out by suppose, but wit;

But shall we by That suppose to get.

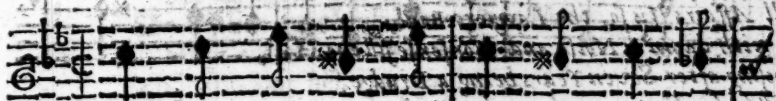
Unless a kind suppose your Minds possess,

For on that Charm depends our Play's Success.

Then tho you like it not, Sirs, don't Disclose it,

But tho you are not satisfi'd, suppose it.

A SONG written by Sir George Etheridge,
and set to Music by Signior Baptift.



TELL me no more I am deceiv'd, while



Syl-via seems so kind; and takes such



care to be be-liev'd, the Cheat I





fear to find: To flatter me, should falshood lye con-



ceal'd in her soft Youth; a thousand times I'd ra-ther



dye, than see the un-hap-py Truth; a thousand times I'd



rather dye, than see th'unhappy Truth.



My Love all Malice shall outbrave,

Let Pops in Libels rail;

If the the Appearances will tave,

No Scandal can prevail;

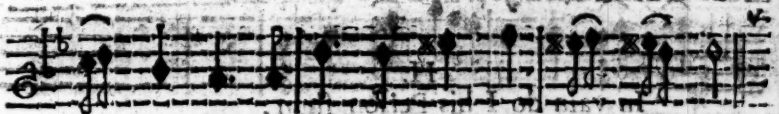
She makes me think I have her Heart,

How much for that is due?

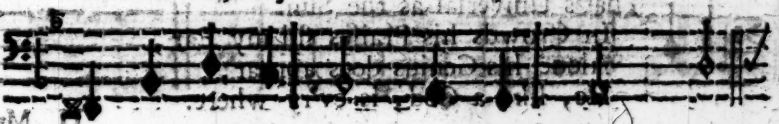
Tho' she but act the tender part,

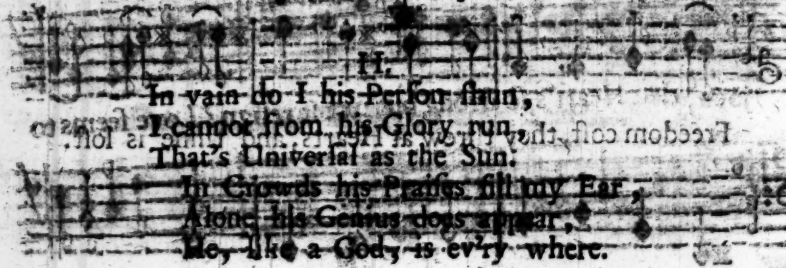
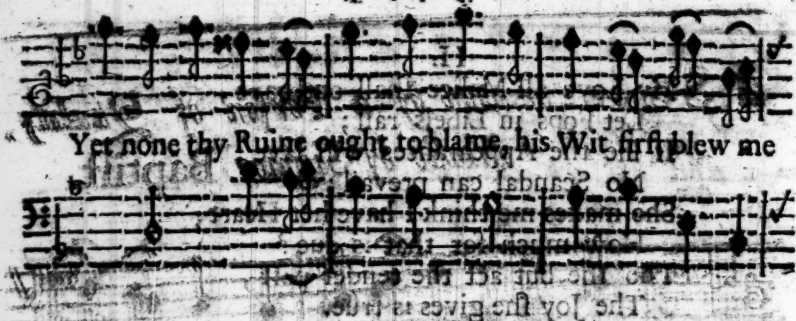
The Joy she gives is true.

A SONG written by a Lady, and set to
Music by Mr. King.



Freedom cost, they threw at Hearts, and thine is lost.





A SONG written by a Person of Quality,
and set to Music by Signior Baptift.

WHO can re-ſiſt my Belov'd's Charms? her Beauty

wounds, and Wit diſarms; when theſe their mighty Forces

I ſee, bright Beauty's ray, and Wit's bright ray, I ſee

joys, when Heart's ſo ſtrong but muſt reſign? Love ſeems to

reſign, when Heart's ſo ſtrong but muſt reſign? Love ſeems to

[Song]

promising her Eyes, a kind and lasting Age of
 joy: but have a care, the Pleasure thine, I look'd for
 liev'd, and was undone, -- done. In vain a thousand ways I
 strive, to keep my fainting Hopes a-live; my Love can



ne- ver find Reward, since Pride and Honour is her



Guard; my Love can ne- ver find Reward, since Pride and



Ho- nour is her Guard. al. anob- anobnu asw bna b'voil



FINIS.

